THE MAROON

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

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THE MAROON.

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Wenonah, the Indian Maiden.

Birdeena Lingerman.

Did you ever wonder or think about all the secrets that the mountains keep, hidden away from the sight of man, under the stones, in the valleys and covered by the rushing streams? Secrets of life, love and death they keep, secrets of their first children, the Indians, and of the palefaces who supplanted them. But sometimes the mountains, ever watching over their children, tell them a story, a secret, to help them to keep their hearts tender and true. That is why they revealed the secret of Wenonah, the Indian maiden, and that is why I tell it now to you.

"Wenonah, daughter," said Chief Onagon, looking up at his daughter from his bed of furs, "go not toward the plains today when you go riding, you and your companions. There are palefaces camping at the mouth of the canyon, and I have forbidden the tribe to have any intercourse with them. We know not why they are here, and what is their mission. Remember."

"Yes, father, I will remember, and when I ride, Mowitza's head shall be turned toward the hills."

Then after she had gathered up scraps of the morning meal and thrown them to the dogs lying at the door of the lodge, she placed a gourd of water by the side of her father's couch and went out, into the sunlight, where her two companions were waiting for her.

Onagon, her father, was the chief of a small tribe of Flathead Indians that lived in a valley in the mountains. He had been one of the finest and noblest warriors of his tribe when he was young, but now he was very old and feeble, having been confined to his wigwam ever since the last of summer. Though neither he nor Wenonah noticed it, he was failing rapidly and it was evident that he would not live through another summer.

The home of Wenonah was a beautiful place. It was in a valley enclosed by high mountains except where an old road entered it on one side, after winding over the plain and up the canyon and where the trail led to the mountains on the other side.

Here, Chief Onagon felt secure from all the molestations of the palefaces; but when a party of prospectors came as far as the mouth of the canyon he became worried. Although they came no farther, he tried to keep his people away from their camp, especially he wished that Wenonah should not be seen by them.

Wenonah was a beautiful girl, too fair almost to be an Indian, though her skin was tanned a deep brown. In fact, she seemed to have nothing in common with the other Indian girls except her abundance of long, black hair. Her mother was dead, and she had no brothers or sisters. Consequently, her father, disregarding old customs and traditions, treated her with respect and kindness, as he had

once seen a paleface treat his daughter; even allowing her to have two Indian maidens as her companions.

But little did Chief Onagon know that soon he would become reconciled to the prospectors in the canyon camp and little did he know that Wenonah would see the palefaces sooner than even she dreamed of.

True to his command, the horses heads were turned toward the hills. After a short canter through the autumn woods, the girls dismounted and began to hunt for nuts. Their hunt being not very successful, they kept going farther and farther into the woods until finally Wenonah was separated from her companions. Knowing every niche and cranny of the mountains, she did not mind this, and kept on gathering nuts until she was startled by a low moan which proceeded from a small gulch near by. Creeping timidly to the edge of the gulch, she peered down into it. Through the bushes she saw a paleface, wounded and bleeding, pinioned down by his horse, which was dead, evidently killed by the fall. Calling one of her maidens, she sent her to the camp for help, and before an hour had passed Alfred Rennick lay unconscious in the lodge of Chief Onagon, where Wenonah washed and dressed his wounds.

Alfred Rennick was one of the prospectors of the canyon camp, but he, unlike the others, had just come west for a change of life and scenery. The morning of his accident, he had been riding on the mountain side and not knowing the trail, his horse had slipped into the partly concealed gulch, where Wenonah had found him.

For two days he lay unconscious and during that time Chief Onagon, looking at the stranger from his couch on the opposite side of his lodge, was reconciled to him and as time went by learned to love him.

On the morning of the third day when Wenonah was bathing his head, he opened his eyes for the first time since his accident, and looking at her, murmured, "Sister, where's mother?" Then closing his eyes wearily he sank into a long, deep sleep, from which he awakened only at nightfall.

When consciousness returned more fully to him, he remembered his accident and the darkness. Now he knew from his surroundings that he was in Chief Onagon's lodge. One incident, however, he could not reconcile to his present circumstances and that was, why had he called the Indian girl "sister"? There was no resemblance whatever between her and his only sister; still, there was something which he could not define, that reminded him strangely of home.

For many moons Alfred Rennick lay in the lodge of the Chief, where Wenonah dressed his wounds and nursed him back to health. And, strange as it may seem, he always called her "sister."

During the long winter days when the snow lay deep on the mountains, Wenonah taught him the Indian language and he in return taught her the language of the paleface and their method of figuring.

Then Chief Onagon would tell them old Indian legends of little Waubenoo and the Gray Wolf, and when he grew tired they sang Indian songs with plaintive melodies.

Thus the winter passed, and as the stranger grew stronger and was able to go out on the hunt with the rest of the tribe, Chief Onagon grew steadily weaker until he could no longer raise his head from his couch.

So Alfred stayed with Wenonah, helping nurse the old Chief. In fact, the old Chief did not want him to go, for the stranger had taken, all unconsciously, a son's love and place in the old man's heart.

Long ago the rest of the party in the canyon, being assured of Alfred's recovery and his return home in the spring, had left for the East, leaving him, alone, in the Indians camp.

Spring came, but it brought with it no cheer, for the old Chief was dying and the hearts of his tribe were heavy with sorrow.

Alfred was always by his side, and to him Onagon told Wenonah's story. "Sixteen years ago," he began, speaking in his native language, "when I was Chief in act, as now in name and my tribe was larger, one day there came into camp a paleface." Then, in broken English he continued, "Yes—paleface—carrying a white papoose, twenty-four moons old. He—wounded—dying—almost dead. An Indian guide hurt him—he came—staggering into camp. Dead now—lies up there on the hill—name Harry Payton, so he said," and Chief Onagon's voice grew fainter. "He gave papoose to me. I had no child—it was Wenonah. I'm dying now—take the gold—Wenonah knows. Put her in the paleface's school—care for her. Remember she is a paleface. Wenonah, daughter, mike winapie, good-by," and the old Chief was dead.

After the old Chief was laid to rest on the hillside, Alfred and Wenonah left for the East, left the tribe and the new chief and all the valleys and the mountains. Here he put her in school, for the term was just commencing. Alfred's father, thinking that his son had fallen in love with the strange girl, had quietly objected to his bringing her to his home.

At school Wenonah won many close friends, but the closest of all was Lenore, Alfred's sister who loved her with all the strength of her young heart. Still Wenonah was lonely, she missed the mountains and the Indian maidens. But most of all she missed the old Chief, whom she had always called father. At night when her loneliness grew almost unbearable she would don her Indian robes and sing the old melodies of the wigwam.

Vacation came and Lenore begged to bring Wenonah home. This time the pet of the home did the pleading, and Wenonah, in the end came to spend the vacation with her schoolmate.

The night on which the girls came home, there was to be a party in honor of Lenore's home-coming, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rennick saw Wenonah, both being busy at the time of her arrival.

The party was to be a unique affair; the command having been given out that everyone must be in costume. Lenore's dress was ready, but there was none for Wenonah. So after begging her fruitlessly to wear her Indian dress, Lenore left her and went in search of one. Soon she returned with one of her mother's wedding dresses, a heavy silk, which she had found in one of the great oaken chests in the storeroom. It was made with low neck and a long train, and when the girls were ready, Wenonah, with her dark eyes and hair and her tall, slender form was the more beautiful of the two.

When the guests began to arrive, Lenore led Wenonah down into the reception hall where her father and mother were. Coming down the hall every eye turned toward them. They had almost reached Mr. and Mrs. Rennick, who were receiving, when Mr. Rennick, grasping his wife's arm and pointing to Wenonah, exclaimed, "Wife, look! Who is it? She looks like you did twenty years ago."

Mrs. Rennick looked, gave one scream and fainted. She was quickly brought to, and folding her arms around Wenonah, she sobbed out her joy.

She knew from the likeness between them that Wenonah was her long-lost daughter—lost for eighteen years.

This was verified by the little gold chain which had never left Wenonah's neck. and Alfred's version of the old Chief's story. For it turned out that one of Mrs. Rennick's old admirers had stolen her child, Margaret, and taken her to the mountains for revenge.

Great was the rejoicing, especially that of Lenore, who almost worshiped her long-lost sister.

Vacation was over all too soon, and the girls, Wenonah retaining her Indian name, went back to school. But she always seemed to be longing and pining for something. When at home she was always shy and reserved in the presence of her father, and her rosy cheeks grew pale and thin.

When vacation came again, her father noticed her pale cheeks and thin hands, so one day when they were alone, he asked her divining what she longed for, if she would like to go back to the mountains. Her loving embrace and kiss bound the two strange hearts together, and for the first time Wenonah knew the wealth of her father's love.

With Alfred as guide, Mr. Rennick took his daughter far to the West, to the mountains, to Wenonah's Indian home. A royal welcome was accorded them by the tribe, who even helped them to pitch their summer camp.

But the summer passed all too quickly. With Wenonah as leader, they explored all the nookes and crannies of the mountains and ravines until winter bade them return to the East.

Just the day befor their departure they missed Wenonah and tracing her to the hillside found her with her arms full of late flowers kneeling by Chief Onagon's grave, softly singing to herself one of the melodies of the wigwam:

Lemolo mika tsolo siah polaklie,
Towagh tsee chil-chil siah saghallie,
Mika na chahko? me sika chil-chil
Opitsah. Mika winapie
Tso-lo—tso-lo.

And ever afterward, when Wenonah went back to the beautiful present, full of home and motherlove, the past to her was only a beautiful memory which she ever cherished in her heart.

But the mountains can tell no more —they have lost one of their children, Wenonah.

The Indian verse is part of an Indian love-song which cannot be translated literally.

The Rise of the English Drama.

Alta Hathaway.

At the time of the beginning of the English drama the society of the country was in a very low moral state. The people were coarse both in language and tastes and delighted in bloody scenes and the exhibition of low passions.

The drama had its beginning in religion. On account of the ignorance of the people the priests started the plan of representing different phases of the Bible by plays, especially scenes from the life of Christ and such as the crucifixion and the resurrection. These plays were given in the church or on sacred ground near it and were presented by the priests alone.

From these arose two forms of dramas, the Miracle and Mystery plays. The Miracle play deals with the life of some saint and the miracles

in it. The Mystery play takes up the different phases of the Life of Christ. The first record of these being acted in England was about 1100. Their growth and popularity increased rapidly until there came to be four great cycles of Miracle plays: The York, the Chester, the Coventry and the Townley cycles. Each cycle contained between forty and fifty plays which represented incidents taken from the lives of well-known Bible characters from Creation to Doomsday. As these plays became more popular the acting was not done by the priests alone but by the laity also. The large number of inefficient actors caused the trade guilds of the time to take upon themselves the management of the plays and compete with one another in the production of them. Different guilds had plays to present according to their trade and a sense of honor was displayed in this as to the blacksmiths was given the play representing the scenes in hell.

These Miracle plays were presented on movable stages which were stationed at different points in the city. Thus the large crowds which assembled to hear them were scattered through the city and the stages were moved from crowd to crowd to avoid confusion. These stages consisted of two stories; the lower one serving as a dressing room for the actors, and the upper one, which was open on all sides, being the stage proper. The opening between the two stories resembled a pair of red, dragonlike jaws from which issued smoke, sulphurous fumes and blood-curdling cries. Imps came forth at different times to torment the good and into this carried the souls of the damned. This means of egress and ingress was commonly known as Hell Mouth.

The actors did not always remain on the stage, but frequently the Devil would leap off the stage and under the license of his feigned character play some prank on some one in the crowd. The acting must have been of a high quality for there was no scenery or plot to attract the large crowds which gathered about these movable theaters.

As time went on a comic element gradually crept into the drama, although it still retains its religious character. In the play, which had for its theme "The Flood," Noah's wife was represented as refusing to enter the ark, but finally being dragged in by Shem. Although crude in its beginning this comic element showed a feeble attempt toward inventive imagination which, as it was developed, produced the stirring dramas of the Elizabethan period. From this awakening of the imaginative powers came another stage of development in the drama, the Morality play. This personified abstractions, such as Charity, Falsehood, Faith and Hope, and from this very fact were not true to life. Although it gave more scope to the imagination, the character lacked the qualities of living creatures. A new character, Vice, was introduced as the assistant of the Devil for playing pranks on Virtue. From this character came the fool and clown of later plays.

After the Morality plays the drama took a new form, the Interlude. This was usually short and was often given between courses at a banquet. The Interlude is the modern drama in a chrysalis stage.

The English drama now began to break away from the classical rules. The ancients held that the time of the action of a play should not exceed twenty-four hours, it must be confined to one place, and the characters must remain as shown in the first scene. We find that as we come to the time of Marlowe, Johnson and Shakespeare the dramatists disregarded these unities of time, place and action and realized that the imagination would

carry the mind many miles between acts.

Before the time of Marlowe all dramas had been written in rhyme and thus had been unnatural. Marlowe was the first one to use blank verse and from him Shakespeare obtained the idea that this was the proper versification for the drama.

In William Shakespeare the drama reached its zenith. The setting of his plays are from all parts of Europe. He has pictured his characters so true to life that they are as familiar as some historical ones. To him we owe the form of our present drama.

* * *

OUR UNIVERSITY.

U. P. S. 'tis of thee,
Our University,
We now would sing;
School to our hearts so dear,
We all assemble here
With hearty words of cheer
Our voices ring.

Our University,
We love and honor thee,
Out in the West;
All over Puget Sound
And the fair country 'round
Wherever schools are found
Highest and best.

Our University,
So gladly unto thee
All praise we give;
School of the brave and true,
Of all that's noble, too,
Our own Methodist U,
Long may you live.

MARIE.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED CLASS

(As seen by the Artless Observer.)

Engaging, Vigorous, Shy.
Always on the fly—
Unless a girl is by—
And then he is by nigh.

Dimpling, Airy, Dot,
Always on the spot,
Graceful, demure, petite,
Devoid of all conceit.

Juvenile, Frisky, Long,
Always with a song,
His famous wordology
Needs no apology.

THE MAROON.

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Someone remarked the other day that the events of that week would occupy more than three lines in future history. If that was true for a week what might be said of the past year in which Japan defeated Russia, Norway elected her own king and we built "Our University" gymnasium?

The stick-to-it-iveness which enabled us to finish the gym promises much for the use of it. The recreation which physical culture affords sends us back to our studies refreshed and ready to conquer new fields.

Between the neighboring athletic assoociations challenges fly thick and fast. Many wish to play ball with us during the various seasons, but where are our debating teams? Never before in our school history has our literary work reached a higher standard. With this inflow of spirit many should enter the oratorical contests.

We are acquainted with the state, interstate and international temperance contests, held by the Prohibition League, but as yet intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests are in the embryo for us. Next month at the Prohibition contest, the person to represent "Our University of Puget Sound" will be chosen. The faculty offer an inducement to chapel orators permitting them to substitute the taking part in the Prohibition and oratorical contests for their chapel oration. Other members of the school should remember that they cannot have too much practice speaking in public, and that only those fail who never try.

May we enter this new literary field with the determination to do our best? Play ball, but let us determin also to be champions on the oratorical field.

* * *

Last fall a chapel choir was organized and from our sample "it sounds like more." Miss Bellis devotes two hours a week training the chorus. Every one who sings, or who intends to sing is urged to attend. Those who have been practicing faithfully should be encouraged by others joining their ranks. Our chapel services should be characterized by inspiring music. Will you help to make them so?

* * *

It pays to push your work and not let it push you.

- SOCIETY -

B. L. S.

As a Christmas token expressing the appreciation of the Society the Boyers gave Mrs. McProud, their critic, a cut-glass jelly dish.,

Two new members were initiated into the Society on Monday evening, January 8th. The initiation was at the home of Miss Ada Hooton, on South Ainsworth avenue. The candidates, after enduring an hour of mystery and mental strain, were refreshed by a typical college girls' spread. They concluded that it was truly great to be a Boyer.

Some people say that girls cannot debate. If the public might peep in on some of our regular meetings they might form a different opinion of the debating power of some girls at least.

Where was it that I learned to speak
Upon a subject new, but fit,
When suddenly called on the floor?
Of course 'twas in the Boyer set.

Our extemporaneous speaking is developing the girls in one of the essentials of a college training.

PHILO NOTES.

"Once I was blind, but now I see
The Philo Lit. Society."

The sages of the past looked up at the stars. You may look up at the star and crescent if you will.

The Philos gave Prof. Warfield a fine umbrella for a Christmas present. Prof. Warfield has taken a deep interest in their literary work. He has been painstaking in his efforts and the society appreciates his services.

A new star has arisen in the West between the horns of the new moon. Although scientists have disputed over the possibility of a star in that position for many years, the Philos have proved to the world that such can be. Have you noticed their emblem?

Two of our most excellent society members have been forced to give up school work on account of ill health. Chloe Redfern has gone to her home at Pe Ell and Lois McGandy is confined to her home on South Anderson.

Jack Ball has taken unto himself a helpmate. The Philos offer congratulations and best wishes for the New Year.

The match programs given by the boys and girls of the Philos were decided in favor of the young ladies, who certainly won credit for themselves by their unique program. The chapel was resplendent in a dress of flags. The Campaign Rally was admirably conducted in all its phases. A flag drill by sixteen young ladies and the Goddess of Liberty was especially enjoyed. The following song was sung by the Campaign Quartette to the tune of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

All up and down the whole wide nation
Peace holds its sway;
For women have their rightful station,
And now have gained the day.
O there's joy in every city,
Wealth on every hand,
For women hold the ballot wisely
And rule the whole wide land.

We have the laws of Prohibition
In Washington,
And this harmonious condition
Our policy has won.
O, the pride of all the Senate
Ethel Ivy Pearl
Stands ever firmly by our standard
And ne'er was known to fail.

The leading city of our nation,
Pride of the West,
Stands forth in every weighty question,
The brightest, strongest, best.
All ye women hail Tacoma,
Watch it thrive and grow,
As under Barrett's supervision
All vice will have to go.

H. C. S.

During the past month the H. C. S. has not done much talking or grandstand playing but, nevertheless, it has been one of activity for us. Plans have been made and perfected for the improvement of the fraternity. Our debating teams have been appointed and debates have been arranged for. We hope and trust that the victories of the past shall be increased by greater ones. At least we know that we shall bring honor to "Our University."

On New Year's night Miss Lillian Clulow charmingly entertained informally in honor of a few Sigma Chi fraternity men from the State U., at her home on South 21st St. The decorations were in green, mistletoe and violets being used in every room. Games and music made the evening pass pleasantly. Light refreshments were served during the evening. Those present were Misses Ada Hooton, Ina Landen, Pearl Clulow and Alta Hathaway; Messrs. Albert Thompson, Fred Wills, James Smith, Warren Cuddy and Carl Nichol.

On New Year's night Miss Edith Marlatt entertained very pleasantly for Miss Wright of Burton. The

evening was spent in appropriate New Year's games. After delicious refreshments had been served all gathered around the piano for a good old college "sing." Those invited to meet Miss Wright were Misses Sara Ghormley, Florence Hamilton, Esther Hatch and Adah Holker; Messrs. Marlatt, Ghormley, Knox, Browne and Tuttle.

* * *

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

A is for Allen, so tall and slim,
A Freshman of note, you surely know him.

B stands for Barrett, Bullock and Bonne—
The world cannot guess what they're going to be.

C is for Cook, for Cuddy and Cotter,
And don't forget Clulow, her mother's daughter.

D stands for Davis, Darrow and Dodge—
You just ought to see this trio eat fudge.

E is an example a Prep. couldn't get,
And the whole Senior Class haven't tried it yet.

F is for Freshman, for fastness and fun,
If you would catch up you surely must run.

G stands for Gambill and Grumblings one, two,
If you did such things what would your papa do?

H is for Holker, for Hooten and hall,
The way they carry on is known to all.

J is for Jim (Gymn.), who has got a new hat,
And the U. P. S. lost its head at that.

K is for Knox, he who sets us the pace,
Who gets his living all out of his face.

L stands for Long, Le Sourd and Lorett,
For Lingerman and Landen—forget it.

M is for Milligan, Marlatte and Marsh
The McGandys two help along this farce.

N is for Newland, Noyes and Nought,
Which gets us quite often without being sought.

O is for the Olsons, one, two and three,
Since one is gone, how many will there be?

P is for Pflaum, for Pearl and Pease,
Even gods tremble when we mention these.

S is for a "Suizz," which once came to school,
And found many a one felt just like a fool.

R is for rules, may they never grow less,
We welcome them all at the U. P. S.

S stands for Shahan, Stanbra and Snell,
And Sheafe, the Senior, you all know so well.

T is for teacher, for talker and trouble,
Which comes to us all, both single and double.

U are very rash to have read so far.

V is for vim, which is used by you all,
When you go to the "Gym." to play basket-ball.

W is for Williams, Wilson and Walker—
The three together make one good marker.

X is for perfect, quantity unknown,
Down in a red book, so lovely and lone.

Z stands for Zollman, who paws the kevs,
And tickles the piano as cute as you please.

- ATHLETICS -

Our gymnasium is rapidly nearing completion. The lights are in and the windows will be ready for their places before this article is printed. The necessary equipment will be secured from time to time, as occasion demands, and funds permit, and when completed our gymnasium will be the best in the city. This building will stand for many years as a monument to the devotion and loyalty of our students and faculty to the school and may well be an object of envy to many of the other schools of the state.

Although our gymnasium is not completed it is in excellent shape for basket-ball, there being sufficient room for two games at the same time. At present we have three teams, including the girls' team, engaged in daily practice and they are showing up in a way that is very promising. Many of our players are men of much experience and are ready for active service. We feel sure that our team will soon win for itself a prominent place in the league. The lineup of the first team is as follows:

Forwards—Wright, Donaldson.
Center—Crockett.
Guards—J. Olson, Nicol.

The league referred to above is one that has been recently organized between the following schools: The University of Puget Sound, Whitworth, Tacoma High School, Parkland and Vashon. Each of these schools has a strong team and we expect some interesting contests.

The following is a schedule of the games to be played by our team:

Jan. 19—Vashon at U. P. S.
Jan. 26—U. P. S. at Whitworth.
Feb. 16—Tacoma H. S. at U. P. S.
Feb. 23—Parkland at U. P. S.
March 3—U. P. S. at Parkland.
March 9—Whitworth at U. P. S.
March 16—U. P. S. at Vashon.
March 30—U. P. S. at High School.

Two more games have been arranged with teams outside the league.

Feb. 9—U. P. S. and Snohomish H. S.

Feb. 2—U. P. S. and City Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening, Jan. 5, the first team lined up against the Rangers for a practice game. This was the first time our boys played against an outside team and the showing was very creditable. The Rangers played fast ball, especially in the second half, and

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DEBATE

WHITWORTH CLUB

OF WHITWOTH COLLEGE.

VERSUS

H. C. S.

OF UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND.

Particulars later.

gave the university team plenty of opposition.

During the first half the U. P. S. scored four baskets from the field and one from the foul line. The Rangers made two goals from the field, both of which were hard throws. Score, U. P. S., 9; Rangers, 4.

The second half brought out better playing on both sides and was fast from start to finish. The Rangers shifted Finch to guard in place of Robinson and put Tuell in at center, thus greatly strengthening their team. The scoring started with goals from the foul line by the U. P. S., and at the end of the half stood U. P. S., 22; Rangers, 8. Lineup:

U. P. S.—Center, Crockett; forwards, Wright, Nichol; guards, J. Olson, Knox.

Rangers—Center, Finch and Tuell; forwards, C. Wilbur, C. Lynn; guards, E. Wilbur, Robinson.

- EXCHANGES -

The Orange and Black sent out an excellent Christmas number, dedicated to the "Football Boys, the champions of the Pacific Northwest; to the scrubs who have won glory on the sidelines, and to the Mascot."

Why don't the Maroon staff have their pictures in the paper like some other publications?

The Simpsonian has an interesting column entitled "What I think of Football." We all have a right to our opinion, but the consensus seems to be in favor of the game with rules revised and less brutality.

The Tahoma certainly didnot search far for an original design. Many of us are acquainted with another book which has practically the same design for a Christmas number.

When an inquisitive Senior asked Sollie upon what he was writing his thesis, he answered "Examination Paper."—Ex.

Prof.—"As we have a few minutes left, you may ask any questions you wish."

Student—"What time is it Prof.?"—Ex.

The Adrian College World somes out with a parody on Hiawatha. We are doubtful whether Longfellow would be deceived.

Lives of football men remind us,
That they write their names in blood
And, departing, leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.—Ex.

We compliment those magazines which are fortunate enough to have an index.

The Exponent has an excellent page of "Hints," but the poem entitled "A Lay of Ancient Rome" sounds as though it came from an agricultural school. The theme is certainly not very elevated—cigarettes, sprees and betting.

Willamette students are not as loyal to their paper as are ours. They report that only 70 out of 470 are subscribers.

BEFORE EXAMS.

O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

AFTER EXAMS.

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.—Ex.

Baker University claims to have abolished football years ago. They also show a picture which is supposed to portray the resemblance between a football player and a savage with his string of scalps.

The Christmas Evergreen is a rousing good paper.

- LOCALS -

On Tuesday, December 2, Mr. Long and Miss Bullock came to the University apparently anxious to begin work, but finding neither teachers nor students present but themselves they could only entertain themselves, which they did.

We are glad it was a Senior from the Prep. department rather than from the college who made than awful mistake last week. Poor Jack.

1906 is here at last,
To us the gladdest year of all,
For we'll graduate in June, I hope,
And then —— we'll follow Ball
(Perhaps).

December 14, 16 and 21 are memorable dates with the Seniors. Orations are awful things.

We were delighted to have Ed Pittman with us one morning in chapel lately, and also that he sat with the Seniors. After this all visitors are requested to sit with the Seniors unless they can get invited to sit with the faculty.

There was a spirited discussion in the library one day last week as to whether it was possible to make a shirtwaist in an hour, most of the men vociferously maintaining the affirmative. Mr. Pflaum, however, closed

an eloquent plea for longer time with the following remarks: "Boys, you must remember that after the sewing is done it must be pressed, and Miss Mc—— will bear me out in the statement that it takes at least an hour to do that."

Prof. Barton (In Zoology class)—"Remember there's a soft spot in the head; I'm speaking now seriously."

A—a H—t—n (In Freshman Eng. during the reading of the "Pains of Opium Eating")—"What comes after the 'pains?'"
Prof. A.—"The appendix."

Miss L—d—n—"I don't like my initials."
Mr. N—l—d—"I know how you could change them."
Miss L.—"How?"
Mr. N.—I'll tell you some day."

Mr. Pflaum (Bending close to Miss Hooton)—"Please give me two or three ——"
Mr. Crockett (Butting in)—"Me too."

Prof. G.—"I had a little leisure and I sat down on a piece of paper."

Miss ——, from Rainier Beach—"Oh, my, how cold it is!"
Mr. Scott—"Well, I am moving my arm around."

Mr. Pf—a-m— (to L. McG-n-y)—"I'm going to propose immediately."

Lois (aside)—"Oh, I hope nothing stops him."

T. C. (in U. S. History)—"The second death of Charles——"

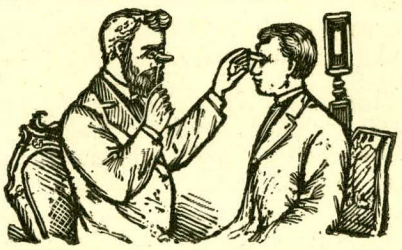
Dey (in Latin)—"He compresses their necks with great force."

Prof. Warfield—"Miss Cook, name some of the prominent men in the Plymouth colony."

Miss Cook—"Well, there was Burford."

We wonder who she was thinking about.

Wanted—An armchair, to use in class-room.



Prof. Barton—"Are all of you engaged?"

E. P.—"No, I'm not."

Prof. A.—"Moonlight is romantic as compared with daylight."

R. E. C.—"Well, professor, isn't that as good a distinction as we can make?"

N-l-d—"What's the use of emotion, anyway? Why can't men use brains?"

Abbott (as he borrows Miss T—y's book)—"I like this book so much better than my own."

W. O. (in Latin)—"Many bodies are strewn around, lifeless, in every direction."

G. Mc——"You didn't think I was going to sit here and tell you all my chances, did you?"

W. O. P.—"No; let's proceed to more private quarters."

Gr-b-g (in class)—"Now who has that card about b-o-c-u-s, low-cuss."

L. W-ls-n—"Mr. Marsh, I want you."

Mr. Noyes thinks that ships ought to be feminine gender because she is tied to a bouy (boy) always.

IN THE STUDY HALL.

Fl—nce G—bs (Studying Latin)—"Is 'your father' Dative?"

S—h D—ge—"No, he is fishing."

. L. (sadly)—"Yes, I used to have a little friend who chopped wood for Mrs. Williams.

The other night at Philo's, when "Samantha" said "Oh! the tribulations it do make a female to take care of a man; but then it pays," Miss Flory sagely nodded her head and said, "yes, it pays."

Nell S. (Writing a letter)—"What shall I do; I've blotted my paper?"

Amy S.—"Call it a tear from your black eyes."

Girls (To Mr. Crockett)—"Would you feel better if we should embrace you?"

Crockett—"Feel natural, you mean, don't you?"

Lillian—"Well, of course, my heart is in the U. P. S."

On being asked the Latin for a certain preposition Mr. C—ck—t answered: "Kiss (cis), it governs the excusative case."

A. Hooton—One of my peculiar characteristics is that I love the boys."

A. Snell Soto voce to Mulligan)—"I wonder if that is peculiar?"

Rose Harlan says she would like to live in Ballard.

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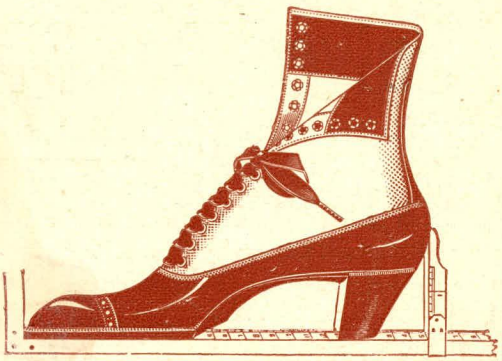

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